Oenone

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Oenone

by QueenofDreamlands

Summary

Everyone remembers Helen, the face that launched a thousand ships, but what of Oenone, Paris' first love?

This is the story of how Dr. Chilton-Lecter lost his Paris to Helen of Troy, Will Graham.

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: Oenone 俄诺涅 by spacemonkey42

The Beginning

I'm not sure why it started, Really. How, yes of course, I was there. But I've never been sure why. Anytime I would ask Hannibal he would just give me one of his enigmatic smiles in reply. In the end, I suppose it doesn't really matter why I ended up with my husband. Considering, I'm about to lose him.

He was in his last year at John's Hopkins, working on his thesis. He told me while headed to the library that it was something he'd love to expound on in the future, social exclusion. We were at the canteen by that point, surrounded by our peers, everyone enthralled with every word he speaks, as is the norm. Seemingly, every woman wanted him, and every man wanted to be him. Coincidentally, I fit into both categories. Startling me out of my revelry, Hannibal slid a container of delicious smelling food towards me. Looking up, I saw that he had that legendary, knowing smirk on his face, temporarily lighting up his gold-flecked eyes. I sighed internally at the sight, comparing them to a warm glass of cognac, shimmering in a glass by a fire. Outwardly, I snorted haughtily. "I can feed myself quite well, Hannibal. Surely you didn't go out of your way, just to feed me did you?" I asked sardonically. "Yes, actually, I did. I made that meal specifically for you, it'd be quite rude of you to refuse." He slide his hand from beneath his chin as he spoke, sliding his warm, large hand over mine to my wrist. When I realized what he was doing, my face flushed. 'He's checking my pulse', I think.

"I'll be turning my thesis in this Thursday. In celebration, I will be having a dinner party at my place. Will you come, Frederick?" He purred.
"Yes," I murmured impulsively. Somehow, even then, I knew saying yes to him was my only option. If only I'd tried a little harder.

The night of the dinner party, I was nothing short of frantic. While getting ready, I stood in front of my door-to-floor mirror, parting my hair, when a flash of lightening outside illuminated my face, bringing my forest green eyes into relief. Not bad, I think idly, frustrated with the terrible turn of the weather. Smoothing a hand over my grey suit one last time, I grabbed my coat and umbrella, and made my way out of my apartment, and to my Lexus.

A few minutes of driving through Baltimore, and a pit stop at a local winery later, and I was at Hannibal Lecter’s front door. Upon opening it, and letting me in I’m both transfixed with awe and envy in equal, yet fervent measures. Both backhanded compliments and sincere ones floated aimlessly in my head, both sides of my attraction and disdain warring in my mind. “Hello Frederick, I’m so glad you could make it. Do come in.” Hannibal called to me politely, warm accent flustering me once again. “Thank you.” After accepting the bottle from me (“You shouldn’t have, but thank you”) and removing my coat, he lead me to the dining area where the rest of our colleagues and professors stood mingling, hovering near the fine dishware and art, peering into the empty wine glasses hopefully. Effortlessly, he made his way around his not so humble abode, seeing to everyone. His polite veneer never wavered.

Roman, one of Hannibal's more flamboyant acquaintances made his way to his side, midnight brown eyes flashing mischievously. "You look even more debonair than usual, Hannibal, are you doubling as both host and dessert this evening?"

I couldn't help but notice how hopeful he sounded. Heart sinking minutely, I made my way to my seat with little fanfare, ready for the evening to be done with. Unwittingly, I shifted my eyes once again across the table to look at Hannibal. From the distance, I couldn't tell what he was saying, but his warm and polite demeanor never wavered. There's not a person alive that can shake the calm from that man. I think confidently.

As if hearing my thoughts aloud, Hannibal looked across the table at me and gave me another of his smirks accompanied with a wink. My heart thudded erratically. Good lord, that man is handsome. As the evening and drinks progressed, so did the conversations, laughter, and delectable food, all sourced from the man of the hour. When the hour drew late, everyone made their way out, congratulating the man again on his successful thesis, if they were still sober enough to remember.

Thinking desolately to myself about what I could possibly base my thesis on in the following year that could possibly compare, I didn't notice the shadow following me to the door until I felt a hand halt mine from retrieving my coat. "Don't you think you drank a little too much Frederick?" I'd feel much better if you stayed here tonight." Though he was looking at me with concern in those incredibly sincere looking cognac eyes, I wasn't fooled. He and I both knew I hardly had a glass. Wordlessly, I followed him upstairs to his bedroom, as the sound of thunder finally cracked the sky open, eventually drowning out the sounds of bed posts and the name of the man of the hour being shouted to the heavens.

Meeting Helen

Chapter Notes

> Oh geez, thank y'all so much for such an amazing response! It doesn't take much to encourage me, so I had to get the next chapter of the story out! Just a quick note, this is a jump to 20 years later, though Hannibal and Chilton have only been married for 8. Chilton is 45, Hannibal is 46, and Baby Will is 33. Enjoy, and don't forget to comment, or leave a kudos if ya dig it!!!

Chapter Two:

20 years later

Slight rays of early morning sunlight peaked its way through the curtains, waking me from my position in the bed. Warmth seeped into my bones from the furnace of a man next to me. I opened my eyes. Sunlight played in his dirty blonde hair, highlighting the silver strands peeking through. I ran my eyes over my husband, noting how in sleep he looks much the same as when we first met. Though there are differences, I mused. His cheekbones are sharper than ever, his chiseled face contrasting the softness of his full, pouty lips. He's still so breathtaking.

"Frederick." He mock whispered.

"Yes, Hon?"

"You're staring. Again. Have you not yet had your fill?"

"Married to you eight years, and no, I've not." I reply with a smile, brushing the soft strands of hair from his face, revealing melted caramel eyes looking over at me, smiling softly in return. "How sweet." He leans over kissing me tenderly, making me gasp. Here's the deal. I'm not new to this. Before him, I'd been with several people, and kissed even more than

that. Kissing Hannibal is like nothing else. His warm, calm, demeanor cascades over you, shielding you from thoughts of anything else than him. His lips are like sex. Kissing him is better than sex with anyone I'd ever been with. Except him, that is. We married several years after being together, both having finally established our psychiatric practices here in Baltimore. Every time with him has been much the same as that first rainy night. Tender, sweet, and hot as hell.

I worried after that first night about my performance. Although he had me screaming like someone was removing a kidney, he remained his ever calm and collected self. I soon learned, that that was simply the kind of lover he was. Not the type to be shaken. I plucked up the confidence to call him a few days after to ask him on a date. He said yes and… the rest is history.

I come back to the here and now, as I notice he's moving up and out of the bed. I slid around a little in our silk sheets, before I sit up and get out too.

"I may be running a little late for dinner, tonight."

"Hopefully not too late, my dear. Busy day?"

"I'll say. Interview with the FBI at my office."

At that, Hannibal turns around, curiosity peaked. It's not often that I do peak his curiosity, he simply knows me and my nature too well. Anytime I do, feels like an immense accomplishment. My chest puffs out slightly, as I walk around him into the bathroom. He follows.

"It is not anything to serious, I hope?" He begins to shave with his straight razor. "Not really. It's the Behavioral Science Unit. I think they're probably just coming around for my expert opinion on a case."

"How excellent. I hope everything goes well, Frederick." I squint at him while he looks down, washing his razor carefully. I brush off the curiously amused tone he gave to continue getting ready myself.

“Do you know of whom you will be meeting?”

“Jack Crawford, head of the unit, and his prodigy, some Will Graham.”

“Prodigy?”

“That’s all I’ve heard from friends. Crawford supposedly keeps him close to chest. Not many know much about him except he’s good. A genius, supposedly.” I say with a nonchalant tone, suppressing my excitement. Judging by the knowing smile curving Hannibal’s lips, it’s safe to assume he sees right through me.

“I certainly hope it goes well for you. Connections with the FBI can’t hurt.”

“Definitely not.”

Settling comfortably in my desk chair, I call out to Paula, my secretary. “Yes sir?” she peeked her blonde head in, answering politely. I straighten in my chair, eyeing the clock on my desk.

“When the gentlemen from the FBI come around, send them in immediately.”

“Yes sir.” She closes the door softly. Hardly three minutes pass, when my door opens again, a large, dark skinned man walking in alone. He has a powerful stride, and an even more powerful voice, filling my office with his authoritative voice immediately.

“Hello, Dr. Chilton-Lecter. I’m Jack Crawford, Head of the BSU.” I stand up and around my desk to shake hands with him briskly, refusing to be outdone in my own office. “A pleasure, Jack. May I call you Jack?” When he answers in the affirmative, I couldn’t help but notice he

was alone. I frown slightly. “Is Will Graham not coming? I was under the impression this would be a joint interview.” Jacks eyes narrow slightly, catching my enthusiasm like a dog with a scent.

“He lives quite a ways from here. He’ll be here momentarily. I think that since I’m already here, I feel that we can go ahead and get started. A few things, Doctor. Will doesn’t like doctors. Especially psychiatrists, so he’s not gonna like you. All the same, I can’t do this without him, so I hope you won’t hold it against him too much.”

“I won’t.” I didn’t. I fully expected the attitude, as that wasn’t the first time I’d heard that about him. Before I could say much else, the door opened once again.

I always prided myself on how well I’d both picked and set up my office. My attention to detail was second only to that of my husband. My windows, in particular, are my favorite. The way the light hits everything gives it a whole new, more vibrant and positive feel, which works especially well for my patients. When the door opened again, and a man walked through, I froze. ‘What the fuck? *Whatthefuckwhatthefuckwhatthefuck…*’ *He can’t be real*, I think. Despite my thoughts, the man, (God, my mind supplied) walked through, quietly. “Sorry I’m late. I’m Will Graham.”

Will Graham is perfection. There’s virtually no other word to describe him as that would suffice. His chocolate brown curls wound around his unbelievably sharp, angular jawline, a jawline dotted lightly with stubble. His lips even from the distance look incredibly soft, and full, a natural rose hue. His nose, though straight, is slightly slanted to the side. What would be an imperfection on anyone else only highlights the work of art that is his face. All of that leads up to the main attraction… his eyes. In the light from the windows cascading over his magnificent body, his eyes appear to be a stormy grey, though as he moved in, eyes shifting around, they look almost a seafoam green. When he lays them on me, I swear they’re a deep sea blue.

As he watches me, I get the feeling I’m being studied, read, and tossed to the side. As if from the glance alone, he learned everything about me, and found me lacking. I grit my teeth. Standing up once again, I lean over my desk to shake his hand, and become even more vexed when he looks at it and simply sits down languidly next to Jack. The way he sprawls rebelliously pisses me off enormously. My dick jumps involuntarily. Sitting down, I look to Jack, noticing his exasperated face.

“My name is Dr. Fredrick Chilton-Lecter, as you both know, I’m sure. Now that we’re all accounted for, tell me Jack, how can I help you?”

“Do you remember two patients by the name Abel Gideon and Tobias Budge?”

My smile fades briefly. Will doesn’t stop looking at me intently now. “I do, of course how could I forget. What is this about?” I look towards Jack, but it’s Will that answers in his sexy baritone, subtle southern drawl seeping through.

“They both escaped from the BSHCI. Dr. Bloom informed us that they both talked frequently, and apparently escaped together. Both Budge and Gideon have killed several people involved with putting them in there. We think you might be next.”

Jack butts in, “We have a security detail already surrounding the neighborhood you live in, and you and your husband’s house.” At that, Will looked me up and down briefly and looked away, disinterested once again. My hand on my thigh pulled into a fist. I may not be some model, but I look damned good at 45. I don’t work out as much as Hannibal, but I’m still rather solid. Hannibal tells me all the time he enjoys my sturdy build. Again as if he’s out to torment me, Graham gets out of his seat to walk around, exposing his plump ass, and fit thighs. I sigh, and my dick jumps again. Focus, Fredrick.

“Well if you’re merely worried about my safety, it seems as if you’ve already done everything necessary. Don’t see what you need me for.”

“Should you not be informed?”

“What else did you think we’d be here for? Help on a case?”

I glared up at Graham. “I don’t tend to have people trying to kill me. I leave that to you.” I spat.

Will’s amused eyes grow cold. Before he can say anything else, Jack once again butts in, standing up. “Will is an asset to the FBI. He’s caught over five notorious killers early on, and he’s hardly past 30. It will be him that most likely finds Gideon and Budge, and saves your

life.” I stand up, feeling slightly guilty for my low blow. I’d heard rumors of some attendant at the BSCHI becoming obsessed with him and trying to kill him. Judging by his reaction, there must be some truth to it.

“My team will be scoping the area through the day. Will your husband be home, Chilton? He should be apprised of the situation as well.”

A vague, dull thud sat in my stomach at the thought, reminiscent of that dinner party all those years ago. It clawed through my stomach to my lungs. I coughed lightly and said “There’s no need. Seeing as this meeting didn’t take as long as I anticipated, I’ll be home early enough to tell him myself.” At that, Will Graham looked at me through his lashes; the light from the windows hit his profile perfectly, accentuating every inch of his form. A smile pulled his soft-looking lips slowly, into a knowing smirk. For some reason, I didn’t like his as much as I liked Hannibal’s.

“Of course I understand. See you around, Chilton. Stay safe.” Both he and Jack then walked out of my office together. Walking briskly to my windows, I shut the curtains, suddenly sick of all the light. A small, budding thought came to mind, as I gathered together my things to make my way home. None of it involving Abel Gideon, or Tobias Budge, but Will Graham. Not once, did he ever call me Chilton-Lecter. It shouldn’t have bothered me as much as it did but it made that thudding, little thing crawling inside me grow, feeding on my sense of unease.

Oenone in Danger

Chapter Three:

True to his word, Will's team was stationed on, and around Chandler's Square, by the time I made it home. I breathed a sigh of relief as I pulled my car in, completely content that there was nothing to worry about. Before I went inside, something made me turn around and look behind me. There, leaning against a nondescript black SUV, was Will Graham. From where I was standing, his face was shielded by a tree opposite my side of the street. That little, crawling feeling stretched tight over my jaw, pulling my gut inwards. Seeing that I'd made it home safely, he gave me a jaunty wave, and got in the car and drove away. Sighing internally, I made my way inside. *I guess babysitting duty is too good for the star profiler,* I griped. Dropping my keys into the dish in the foyer, I made my way into the kitchen, feet echoing softly on the marble floors, loosening my tie. Careful to remember not to drop any of my belongings, not desiring Hannibal's silent anger, I grab the lone piece of stationary placed on the counter. It was graced with my husband's beautiful handwriting. *It looks as though I will be late coming home as well. An emergency has arisen with a patient that will push back my subsequent appointments into later in the evening. Should you not wish to wait for my return, I've prepared a light meal in the fridge. - Hannibal.* A tension I hadn't realized was previously there released from my body, as I read this. It occurred to me on my way inside that Will, having beat me here could've crossed paths with my husband before me. I don't know why that feeling of unease hadn't left me at the thought, but I brushed it aside now, chiding myself on how foolish I'd been. '*Hannibal despises rudeness, he'd spend five minutes in Graham's presence, and eat him for breakfast.'* I laugh out loud at the thought. After going upstairs to our bedroom to put my things away, I decide to treat myself to a glass of wine. I sit down in the living room with my tablet to peruse the web. One glass turns to several, as I find myself entirely caught up in the salacious articles Freddie Lounds has written on Tattle Crime, namely those written on a certain dark haired profiler. My eyes grow heavy, and I begin to dose…

I'm climbing the stairs to our bedroom again, though it's dark. The stairs feel longer than usual. I can tell from my position that a light is on. I can hear voices from here. Hannibal must be home. I try to hurry, but my legs feel like lead. A violin plays in the distance. 'Hannibal never told me he played the violin,' I muse. I hear harsh laughter as I increase my pace. I don't recognize the voices. When I finally make it upstairs, I stand disconcerted. It's not our bedroom, but a ballroom. It lays empty, except for two others. I can tell from the shadows, neither are my husband. The sound of the violin screeches in my ear, as the laughter increases. I run out of the ballroom back to the stairs. Now instead, I am in our bedroom finally. On red silken sheets, lie Will Graham. His lithe, pale body writhes slowly, hips swaying seductively. His muscular, powerful thighs are spread invitingly. My dick hardens immediately, while my face grows hot and my stomach churns with disgust. 'What the hell are you doing in here, Graham? Get the hell out of my bed!' He merely throws his head back, exposing his long neck, and strong jawline as he laughs merrily. His laughter changes, grows

rough and menacing. The sound of a violin returns, intertwining with his sick, deranged laughter.

I open my eyes, panting slightly. I feel drenched with sweat. Looking down, I realize it isn't all sweat, as my wine had spilled slightly on my lap. I sit, disoriented from my dream, until I realize with a jolt of fear, that it wasn't a dream, a violin is playing from somewhere in my house.

"Ah, he's finally awake, Toby! Quit playing that damned thing, and greet our guest."

"I've already told you once about calling me that, Abel. Do it again, and I will kill you." Both Abel Gideon and Tobias Budge walk out of the shadows of my living room, Abel having been sitting watching me in the corner by the fireplace, and Tobias from the kitchen. I whimper silently. "Oh god, oh god, don't kill me oh god, please!" I wail. Abel laughs. "But you called us insane, Chilton. When in court you said we'd only kill again. You said all of that so you could have us in that infernal institution at your disposal. Dr. Bloom hates you, yet she'd still let you in anytime you wished in thanks for bringing us in." I stand shakily. *I can't die like this,* I think. Unbidden, my thoughts fly to this morning, waking up next to Hannibal, his warmth surrounding me. His smile as he opened his warm, cognac eyes to greet mine. *I can't die like this*. Before I realized where it came from, a pain slices through my calves, suspending any possible movement from them. I collapse abruptly to the ground, wine glass smashing in my hand, crushing inside my skin in many places. Blood begins to seep from both wounds, spreading over the carpet, mixing with the wine. *Hannibal's going to be so cross.* I almost laugh out loud at the absurdity of my thoughts. Looking up, I finally notice the butcher knife in Gideon's hand, now drenched in blood. He laughs again. I now recognize the sinister laughter from my dreams as being his. Looking closer, I see that both are covered in blood, certainly not mine. *I guess there's no point in asking what happened to the agents supposed to be protecting me*, I think. *What the hell kind of training do they give those bastards?*

Before I can continue with my thoughts, the sound of a gun going off startles me. Warm blood sprays on my face as a body tumbles down beside me. Abel's vacant stare mirrors mine, a bullet hole sitting between his eyes. Looking over, I see none other than Will Graham standing there with the gun. Totally relaxed and poised he looks over at me briefly, and focuses on Tobias, who is unstringing some form of wire from his hands. Will smiles, then drops his gun. *What the fuck? Shoot the bastard, you idiot!* He then charges. The look in his eyes and posture completely changed. He nonchalantly leaped over Abel and walked quickly to Tobias, smile never leaving his face. I can tell from here, that Tobias is more than a little unnerved and thrown off. All the same he swings out his wire, and the battle commences. Both are relatively even in build and strength, but it appears Will is faster. Not to mention, his mind is obviously working to his advantage, leaping into Tobias' mind whenever needed, anticipating his moves. With each failed strike, Tobias gets more and more angry, and reckless. It's over for him, before he even realizes. If he'd been looking at the change in Will's smile, like I had, he might have. It went from devious excitement, to boredom. He's

done playing. With a few graceful movements, Graham has Tobias' arm by the elbow, pulling the other side of the wire across his throat. Tobias resists, but it's futile. Will's strong arms cut off all movement, pulling the wire tighter, and tighter around Tobias throat. Arterial spray hits Will in the face, and covers his arms. His hand slowly oozes blood as well. He never relents. Eventually, Tobias' movement ceases, and Will drops his corpse unceremoniously. Finally, he looks at me again. His curls drip blood, running down his jaw, and eyes. His body is covered in sweat and blood, white button down completely pasted to his body. He takes a step towards me and opens his mouth. Before any words can come out, the door clicks and Hannibal races in, shouting my name with worry. Skidding in, his eyes, wide with worry immediately zeros in and lands on me. "Frederick! I came home and saw these agents strewn about killed, and your car with the tires slashed. What happened?" Without waiting for an answer, he helps me up to a sitting position on the couch. Panting slightly, a low murmur interrupts the silence. "I think I can answer that for you, Doctor." Standing again, Hannibal finally turns around and notices the other person here. "I'm agent Will Graham," He pants.

Helen and Paris meet officially

Chapter Notes

> Thanks again for all of the kudos, reviews and hits! I'm so grateful you guys are enjoying the story and my version of Hannibal, and Will. I will bring attention to the fact that I am switching povs now, and if you see any mistakes they are my own. Thanks again, and if you enjoy the chapter, please review!!!

Chapter four:

When he was young, he loved to scare his parents. They were doctors as well, the medical kind, and as a result, were constantly busy and on the go. He was an only child, naturally and had the penchant for danger when it served his cause. A certain level of discomfort always came upon him when he would lose their attention. For him, it felt akin to a little shadow monster spreading throughout his body that threatened to swallow him whole. That moment, be it a few seconds, or several minutes, he was always acutely aware of when something else caught their eye. And then he would act.

Once, he ran out of their posh, seaside home in sunny San Diego out onto a cliff. He loved standing on that cliff whenever he could. He'd close his eyes, tip his head back and let the ocean breeze caress his hair. This time, he came along with his father's ankle weights. He put both on one ankle and stood up again shakily. He looked back at his house one last time, and leapt. The short distance from the edge and the water greeted him. He began to sink immediately. Heart hammering in his chest, he remembered looking up at the hazy sky from down below.

He awoke sputtering water on their living room floor, with his mother and father on either side of him. His mother, Elaine's forest green eyes much like his own swimming with tears, and his father's thunderous face, hardly holding it together. Grasping him in a crushing hug, he closed his eyes and leaned into his father's embrace, listening to his pounding heartbeat, and low, pleading voice. "Don't do that to us, Fred, please. Don't take yourself away from us Fred" And they'd be so attentive and loving. For all of a few weeks, or months if he was lucky. Then that vague feeling of sharp discomfort would find its way back, his little shadow monster. When he'd know that their attention was leaving him once again.

Sitting in his hospital bed now, Frederick Chilton-Lecter could tell the attention on him was waning, and who was the cause. When he was first admitted, Hannibal was beside himself with worry. Constantly fussing over him, he'd hardly allowed the doctors to do their job without his assistance. Besides the physical pain lancing through his calves and hand, Frederick was in heaven. Except all the while, he could tell something else was on Hannibal's mind. When a guilt-ridden Jack Crawford came around with a bouquet of flowers to explain the cluster fuck that was that night, Frederick could see the almost visceral disappointment

when he walked in the door, and with a jolt, he knew of whom he was hoping would walk through.

“Somehow Tobias had an inside man. When they escaped, they had all the information and equipment they needed to get to you and anyone else in their way. Intel had told us at the time it seemed they were making their way up the coast.” Crawford explained.

“If all evidence proved otherwise, how did that agent of yours know to come back?” Hannibal asked, moving his hand firmly over Frederick’s. Frederick grasped his closely to his leg. Hannibal looked over at him from his chair by his bed briefly, a smile warming his tired caramel eyes. “Graham is…special. While we were looking past Maryland, he kept his eyes here. He just knew somehow something was wrong.” Both men could tell how hard it was for him to admit to such a fuck up.

“Somehow he just knew? I don’t think that’s good enough. My husband almost died horrifically on your watch.”

“Hannibal!”

“I’m sorry, dear, but I think we deserve the right to know just how he knew to come back.”

“Can’t you just be glad I did?”

All three men face the door, as Will Graham makes his way inside. He’s wearing a simple, pale blue button down, and jeans. His hair a veritable mess, he somehow still managed to look utterly sexy. While Jack turns back to the couple after having seen who walked in, Hannibal’s eyes never wavered. Frederick shifted around uneasily. Hannibal removes his hand from Frederick’s to stand, going over to Will. Will looks up slightly when Hannibal reaches him and smirks.

“I don’t believe we’ve been properly introduced I’m- “

“Dr. Lecter, I know. What I want to know is what the hell it was you were saying just now.”

Both Frederick and Jack gape openly at Will’s gall.

“Excuse me?” Hannibal breathes.

“We were at a standstill. No one knew where they’d gone. I’d spent quite a while in both men’s heads. Considering I’m the one that caught them. I knew Chilton pissed them off. There’s no way they’d leave without getting him. And there I go, AGAINST orders to your home to make sure everything is fine and it’s not. My fucking team had been killed, and I saved him.” Will breathes in, clenching his fists tightly. “And you have the fucking nerve to be peeved about how I knew?”

“You’re bleeding.”

“What?”

Will looks at his right hand, the one he'd used to strangle Tobias with, and sees that he indeed, is bleeding. Without asking, Hannibal closes the distance between the two, and grasps Will's hand in both of his, inspecting the wound. "Did you patch this up yourself? It's heinous." Hannibal looks up at Will as he says this, cracking a smile. Will returns it tentatively, laughing softly. "I don't like doctors, doctor. I can take care of myself." "I'm sure you can. All the same, if you hate doctors and hospitals that much you can just deal with me. At my home. My husband and I would love to have you for dinner, to show our thanks." Hannibal murmured, cognac eyes never leaving Will's. Will smiles slowly in response, big blue eyes twinkling. Hannibal's breath hitches.

"Hell no."

"Pardon?"

"I don't think I should, no. Like I said I can take care of myself."

"All the same, it'd be rude of you to say no."

"Don't really give a shit." Will gave a cheeky smirk to lessen the blow. Hannibal gulped audibly.

"Well if he doesn't want to come, then he doesn't have to."

Both men look over at Frederick at his reply, having clearly forgotten about his presence. Noting that Jack was no longer there, both surmised that he snuck out when the argument had started. Will tugs at his hand still wrapped up in Hannibal's, and he lets it go, reluctantly. Will walks slowly back over to Frederick, hips swaying softly. His eyes flash with a slightly mischievous gleam. When Frederick glances over at Hannibal, he just catches the tail end of his stare from having been somewhere near Will's ass. His stomach clenches harshly.

"Why? Do you not want me to come, Chilton?" Will's smooth southern voice caressed the words lightly, making everything sound slightly filthy.

"Of course, I do! I'm grateful you saved my life, honestly. But if you don't want to attend, then my husband and I would understand." Hannibal looks over as though he'd do anything but understand a refusal, but remains silent. Will smiles knowingly. Frederick can tell that Will knows just how much he doesn't want him to attend. "If you mean it, then of course, I guess I have no choice then, but to attend."

"Excellent." Hannibal rumbles, clearly pleased. Will remains with his back to Hannibal, eyes only on Frederick. After a few moments he shifts back, eyeing Hannibal briefly. "Is it alright if I bring a guest?"

"A guest? Of course, who did you have in mind, Jack?"

"Um, no, my boyfriend." Will answers candidly, eyes never leaving Hannibal. Meanwhile Frederick almost collapses with relief. Hannibal, though stands up a little taller, chest seeming to rise and fall a little faster. His nose flares softly, and he smiles dangerously. "That would be no problem at all."

Whatever relief Frederick had felt deflated immediately. He'd known this man for well over two decades, and he'd never seen him not calm. Hannibal was clearly riled up, though doing a pretty good job concealing it. Judging by Will's face though, he wasn't fooled either. Frederick's face grew hot with anger. He'd spent years studying Hannibal, and he still was never one hundred percent sure what he was feeling. Then here comes Will Graham who'd collectively spent no more than ten minutes in his presence and was reading him like a book.

"Great! Well, Chilton-Lecter I'm sure Jack gave you my number. Go ahead and shoot me a date and time, and I'll be there. "Without delay, Will turned around, and walked out without a backwards glance. Frederick breathed in and out harshly, trying to contain his fury. Will's last sentence, was not a throw away comment. He purposely said it to do a few things, all of which he did flawlessly: remind Hannibal of his marriage, (*which judging by the stiff way Hannibal jolted, worked*), make Hannibal need to acknowledge Frederick, since he's the one with the power to contact Will (*which worked as well, as Hannibal's eyes were finally on Frederick with intent*). Now that Will was out of the room, Hannibal's attention was now completely back on Frederick, making his way to his bedside once more. Though his eyes were back on him, he knew firmly where his mind was. Because the last thing that Will wanted Frederick to be aware of was constantly playing through his mind for the rest of the day.

Not once, until he spoke, did Hannibal look at him. Even now, his attention was only brought back to Frederick, because Will allowed it, gave it to him, even.

That feeling of discomfort made its way back to Frederick. It slithered around his ankles, caressing his thighs, and tickling his stomach where it buried itself, making a home that it wasn't likely to leave anytime soon.

Paris, Victorious

Chapter Summary

Just.... I hope y'all like it. I enjoyed writing this chapter. And I've decided Nikolaj Coster-Waldau is Will's beau. He's hot, and danish, and I couldn't resist!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter Five:

Frederick can tell immediately that he is in another dream. He's back in his room, though for some reason, he can't say is in the closet. While in real life his and Hannibal's closet is a massive walk-in, conveniently in his dream, it is the closet of his college days, with two doors that open outward, slanted to where he can see out into their bedroom. Hannibal emerges, naked save for a pair of satin boxers. He strides to the bed quickly, sliding out onto their crimson sheets. His hair is loose, falling into his eyes. He rolls onto his back, and steeples his hands on his firm stomach, waiting. He's so beautiful*, Frederick thinks, while his dick starts to harden.*

He tries to open the door, but finds it jammed. He wiggles it frustratingly. Frederick snaps his eyes up as he hears the door open again. He can't see from here who it is, so he looks to Hannibal's face instead. It's rapturous. It's clear that this is who he has been waiting for, as he sits up straight, spreading his legs slightly in an inviting manner. The mystery person walks in slowly. From the angle of the closet, their back is facing Frederick. Still, he knows who it is. He'd recognize that ass and head full of curls anywhere.

He climbs onto the bed, arching his spine, making his ass, encased in stretchy black briefs look even more fantastic. Frederick's cock hardens completely, as he curses to himself, incensed. "Have you been waiting for me long?" Will whispers. "Seemingly all my life." Hannibal whispers back, breathless. His cognac eyes follow Will feverishly. Will laughs lightly then, and proceeds to crawl onto Hannibal's lap, straddling him. "You're so damned cheesy."

His dream shifts, and changes form. He's back at Hannibal's congratulatory dinner in college. He tries to speak, but no one seems to hear him. "Debonair as always, Hannibal. Will you be doubling as both host and dessert this evening?" Frederick sighs internally, prepared for having to sit through that infernal Roman's blatant flirting. "For you, my boy? Always." At that, Frederick snaps his head up once again, and sees instead of Roman, Will, naked and being spread out like one of Hannibal's decadent dishes. Hannibal's large hands spread over Will's powerful thighs in worship, eyes blown black with lust. Will tips his head

back, knocking over the red wine and somehow, it spills all over his body. All the guests look at him in wonder and applaud. Frederick begins to weep.

Thunder and lightning crack out of the sky as Hannibal begins fucking Will passionately. Will rolls his hips against Hannibal's harshly, running his fingers through his wine soaked hair. Suddenly, Will looks across the table, and makes eye contact with Frederick. Frederick continues to cry inconsolably, while Will laughs, the sound mingling with the sloppy, wet sound of Hannibal fucking Will. "Chilton, darling. Would you pass the olive oil?" Frederick wakes up, panting. Sweat drips down his spine. Looking down, he sees an obvious wet spot spreading across his pajama bottoms. "Fuck."

Frederick stayed in a funk for the rest of the day. Today was the day that worked best for both psychiatrists and the agent. His old friend, anxiety, wrestled around inside him making him perpetually nervous. As a result, he remained snappish and unreasonable for the remainder of the day, becoming more and more irritable the closer to the evening it got.

"I understand that you and Will got off on the wrong foot before, but honestly. He saved your life, Frederick."

"I know."

"Good. This will be a good chance to potentially kindle a new friendship with the agent." Hannibal said. Hannibal was in the middle of cooking, back facing Frederick as he began chopping oranges and setting them aside. Frederick squinted at Hannibal and sneered unpleasantly, imagining he wanted to kindle far more than a friendship with Will. "Shouldn't you be getting ready, dear? I won't hold dinner for you." Hannibal continued without looking in his direction.

Feeling his uneasiness rise in the wake of dinner, Frederick crowded himself against his husband, winding his arms around his waist. "Can't we have a little fun before they get here?" Frederick whispered against Hannibal's ear. "I've already showered, and need to put the finishing touches to the meal, you know how such things are important to me." Hannibal subtly maneuvered himself out of his arms, reaching around him for the olive oil. Frederick blanched at the site and started to walk away, royally pissed off.

Frederick spent quite a bit of time getting ready. He couldn't allow himself to be outdone. While he'd usually wear a three-piece, he sat on his bed and thought about what Will would wear. *Probably some scandalously tight button down shirt and pants.* Frederick thought. With that thought in mind, Frederick picked a dark, forest green button down that Hannibal loved on him. He paired with that a pair of simple khakis and brown wing-tip shoes. After brushing his straight brown hair into a neat part, he made his way downstairs where he knew Hannibal was already waiting.

His steps faltered when he saw him. Hannibal was decked in a fitted brown, double breasted suit with peak lapels. *I've never seen that suit. Did he go shopping?* His hair was combed with an unusual severity. All in all, his look was that of such sexy sophistication, that one felt compelled to ravish and destroy the immaculateness. Frederick wondered hysterically if that was his intention. Before either man could comment on each other's attire, there was a knock. Hannibal straightened his shoulders, brushed his hands over his suit once more, and opened

the door with an expectant flair. Frederick had hurried to his side, angry that he hadn't waited for him, but made sure to put on as charming a face as possible. Then proceeded to freeze.

Will was standing there, leaning against the wall casually in a suit. Not just any suit, Frederick thinks, a sinful all black number that absolutely clings to every inch of him. His usually unruly curls are combed neatly, all except for one errant curl that hangs in front of his face. *He looks like Clark Kent, if he was a fucking 5'11 asshole,* Frederick thinks to himself, as Hannibal invites him in.

"I'm so glad you could make it, William. Do come in." *William? The Hell?*

"Yeah, just hold on. My boyfriend's parking the car." Will looks back as he says this, missing the narrowing of Hannibal's eyes at the term. Just then, an incredibly handsome man lightly jogs his way over to them, dirty blonde hair flowing in the breeze, wrapping one arm possessively around Will's waist. "Hey, I'm Nick, nice to meet you all." He raises his blue eyes to Hannibal, shaking both his and Frederick's hand firmly. Hannibal walks them in and to the dining room after having introduced himself and Frederick.

While walking in, Frederick kept stealing glances at both Will, and his boyfriend Nick. He wondered to himself how a seemingly normal, white collar looking man ended up with that demon. Nick looked ahead calmly, keeping a light hold on Will's elbow. Will, for some reason looked confused while taking in their home, but said nothing.

Once everyone was seated and Hannibal had placed and poured everyone's wine, he walked to the kitchen and brought out the first dish. "Curry shrimp chopped salad, with a creamy avocado dressing," He explained as he gracefully made his way around the table, placing everyone's plate down with a flourish. He seemed to dwell a tad longer than necessary around Will. Frederick would have thought he imagined in if he hadn't noticed Nick's fist close tightly around his salad fork minutely. Will smirked. "When you said, you could cook you weren't lying. Looks delicious, doctor." He looked unreasonably pleased and amused while he said that, looking over at the head of the table at Hannibal. He seemed to be indulging in an inside joke that only he got. Hannibal smiled gratefully, and tilted his head in acknowledgement.

"What is it that you do, Nick?" Frederick asks, determined to diffuse whatever camaraderie happening between Hannibal and Will. Nick looks grateful.

"I'm an attorney, actually." He stated, clearly proud. He placed an adoring hand on Will's. Hannibal wiped his mouth after having taken a bite, and looks his way thoughtfully.

"How is it that you and good William met?" He asks softly.

Nick chuckles bashfully. "Well Will was working on a case against my client. We butted heads relentlessly, and in the end, he won. Got my client locked up. I asked him on a date after the proceedings." Will took a sip of his wine, small smile lighting his lips, but remained silent. Frederick took a larger gulp in turn, refilling his glass quickly.

"Okay, I have to ask Dr. Lecter…"

“Hannibal, please.”

“Who chose the design for this house? Certainly, not you.” Will drawls. It was a question, but not stated as such. Hannibal smiled slowly, and tilted his head to the side, clearly curious. “What makes you say that?” Both Nick and Hannibal looked at Will, waiting for his reply, while Frederick continued to drink morosely.

“It’s all… clean, sharp lines, and immaculate white walls. Glass furnishings. It looks nothing like what I’d imagine your home to look like.”

Hannibal leans forward, riveted. “And what did you imagine my home to look like?”

“It’d be… art. Scandalous paintings, dark walls. A blend of the tasteful and macabre. Perhaps” Will looked down at this, finishing off his salad with a flourish, pulling his fork from his mouth slowly. “Yes, perhaps.” Hannibal swallowed heavily, then stood up and proceeded to bring out the next course after removing their plates. One by one each course Frederick drank more and more, Nick’s face grew more peeved, and Hannibal’s more enthralled. Meanwhile, Will was more amused with each course, smiling knowingly.

“Seared duck breast with pomegranate reduction.”

Then.

“Ginger orange glazed salmon.”

After that.

“Mussels with smoked Spanish paprika.”

And dessert.

“Dark chocolate mousse.”

By then, Will couldn’t seem to hold it in any longer. “Is there a reason in particular that every course was an aphrodisiac of sorts, doctor?” Hannibal laughed softly. “None of the sort, dear William.” That did it. Nick pushed his plate back harshly, glass clanking loudly. “I’m sorry, this is all too much. Can you fucking stop?” He’d clearly been drinking quite a bit as well, face completely flushed. Will glanced his way quickly between him and Hannibal, before picking up his spoon and digging back into his chocolate mousse, unbothered.

“I’d appreciate it if you didn’t use such language in my home, Mister Waldo.”

“I’d appreciate it if you didn’t eye-fuck my partner every chance you got!”

“It’s not like he didn’t clearly want just that, Nick.”

Everyone froze after what Frederick said. Will calmly put his spoon down, and folded his hands under his chin. He focused his wide blue eyes one Frederick. Nick stood up abruptly, chest heaving. “What do you mean, Chilton?” Will asked softly.

Frederick stood up wobbly, pointing one finger at Will. “You wanted this from the beginning! This is what you do isn’t, you little shit? You seduce and drive men wild, and make them go insane for you. Isn’t that what you did to Matthew Brown?” Will’s face went blank. Hannibal looked at Frederick sharply.

“Frederick.”

“Got him all hot and bothered, while going to the BSCHI for info.”

“Frederick stop.”

“I did some more digging into you, gotta thank that Freddie one of these days. Did that creepy thing you do, making people think you understand them, then almost got yourself killed when he saw you fucking someone else, you creepy fu-”

“Frederick, ENOUGH.” Hannibal barked out coldly. Out of seemingly nowhere, Nick walked over to Hannibal, his violent intent clear. Will then stood up and blocked his blow, standing between him and Hannibal. No one had noticed he had a knife in his hand. Nick gasps brokenly, dropping the knife to the floor, after having accidentally pierced Will’s side, in his aim for Hannibal.

“Will, no!”

“I think it best for you to leave now, Mr. Waldo, before I call the cops.” Hannibal clips out coldly, while pulling Will tightly against his chest. Will hisses sharply, as Hannibal places his large hand on his abdomen, staunching the flow. “That hurts, bastard.” Will grimaces, sweat beginning to dampen and loosen his curls. Hannibal smirks at him fondly, but briefly.

“But Will-”

“Will be completely save under my care.”

After a moment of deliberation, clearly warring with himself over his insane jealousy, concern for Will, and his livelihood, he finally leaves. Frederick sits in his seat, numb. Silence reigns for a few moments more, before Hannibal finally deigns to speak to him, albeit softly.

“I am going to take Will to one of the guest rooms down the hall, and will attend to him tonight. I suggest you get yourself cleaned up and upstairs to bed.” Without a word more, Hannibal effortlessly picks Will up bridal style and walks out of the dining room. Frederick watches him leave with trepidation, dream from earlier this morning coming back to the forefront of his mind. “Fuck.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm still learning the ins and outs of this website (I'm technologically challenged, lol) So please excuse my glaring boo-boos and faux-pas! Here are links to Will and Hannibal's suits:

https://www.google.com/search?q=hugh+dancy+in+a+suit&rlz=1C1TSNP_enUS734US735&tbm=isch&imgil=PiulIYYulSSJAM%253A%253BJ2eYcFlLJHXDKM%253Bhttp%25253A%25252F%25252Fmuzul.com%25252Fbeauty%25252Fhugh-dancy%25252F&source=iu&pf=m&fir=PiulIYYulSSJAM%253A%252CJ2eYcFlLJHXDKM%252C_&usg=__nDtMrjefz0ZR0-j5M4riQ1AHHGI%3D&biw=1366&bih=613&ved=0ahUKEwjAwY7N3cPTAhWHhFQKHWYIB18QyjcIOg&ei=Y2oBWYCEOoeJ0gLmkJz4BQ

https://www.google.com/search?q=mads+mikkelsen+in+a+suit&rlz=1C1TSNP_enUS734US735&source=lnms&tbm=isch&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwjEyqjC3sPTAhXog1QKHfNqAmEQ_AUICigB&biw=1366&bih=613#imgrc=owEob3RG4-4dxM:

Oenone's Heart, Broken

Chapter Notes

> As you can see, we are winding down! This chapter might be one of my favorites though I do leave a bit of a cliffhanger, (A good kind though, you'll see, lol.)
> It doesn't seem as though that many people are still reading this, which is fine, but I will be finishing this story in another chapter or two, anyway. Don't forget to leave some kudos and comments!!! Without further ado, enjoy the chapter, y'all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Six:

Frederick tossed and turned. Despite his inebriated state, he was frantic. His pulse quickened. Sweat beaded above his top lip, dampening his moustache and beard. *What's going on?* He wondered. He tortured himself with the what ifs. What if he's kissing him? What if Will is straddling his husband's wonderful thighs? What if, at this very moment, Will's fingers were running through his chest hair, with that ever-infuriating smirk gracing his lips. Or Hannibal, what if he has Will's curls in his grasp? Calmly and assuredly guiding Will's soft lips around his strong, aching cock?

The walls in their bedroom seemed to speak, whispering doubts and absolutions, shouted profanities and hissed cries. Guttural moans and sinister laughter. Frederick could feel it inside him, festering his shadow monster and pestering him to act. He could feel it as he sedately walked out of his bedroom, was aware of it as he sedately walked out of his bedroom, was aware of it as he paced down the stairs, brushing his clammy hands against the rail. He could hear it in the hushed conversation and stilted laughter from around the corner of the guest room, and he could see it, in the barely cracked open door, of two lovers finally come together. His love and attention officially lost. His husband.

The room was empty temporarily. He could hear water splashing, and Hannibal's low murmuring of instructions along with Will's biting, acerbic commentary hissed between commands. Without thought, Frederick walked in and closed the door silently. He looked sideways at the bed. He felt relieved, even as his heart dropped. The bed clearly had not been used. It was perfectly made and clean, not even turned down for the night yet.

The problem lay with the sheets themselves. The sheets for the guest bedrooms, though of excellent quality, were always cotton, standard grey, blue, or white. Though they frequently had guests, friends, colleagues and the like, people rarely were invited to stay the night. So, the fine, silk sheets were solely for their bedroom. All except for tonight, that is. Because here, in this nondescript impersonal guest bedroom are deep crimson, silk sheets. Hannibal came down and deliberately changed the sheets himself, likely when Frederick was in the shower after their disastrous dinner. Not only that, but they were clearly new. He and

Hannibal had a few red silk sheets but none so deep or dark. They were a red more along the lines of cherry blossoms, calm and bright. These were sheets of lust, of unadulterated, and unapologetic passion. When the water turned off abruptly, Frederick fled into the closet, heart pounding. He heard the door to the guest bathroom open, when he realized with an inner, hysterical laugh, that the closet had shafts that made it to where he could see out into the bedroom, just like in college.

Once, while Frederick and Hannibal were still only dating, he ran into the only one other known person Hannibal has dated. Bedelia Du Maurier. He was painstakingly picking up the items Hannibal had specified for dinner. It was a relatively gross spring day, the rain hardly letting up to allow for any activity, and Frederick was simply ready to get home and relax. He was in the middle of deciding between two tomatoes, when he thought 'fuck it', and tossed both in his basket. A gorgeous, young blonde woman was quietly speaking on the phone across the aisle, easily toting a few bottles of wine, and picking up some asparagus. Her end message was what caught her attention. "My office will be ready by next week. If you'd like to stop by, you're more than welcome. Just ask for Dr. Du Maurier." He jerked as if electrocuted.

He and Hannibal briefly went over past relationships, both agreeing that in depth recollections would do no good. He did remember that name, though. It's the only one he gave, citing that it's the only other real relationship he'd had, the rest being flings. Though the words Hannibal actually used were 'brief acquaintances'. Before he could think better of it, Frederick brought his shoulders upright, and made his way over to her. "Would you happen to be Bedelia? It's Chilton." Frederick asked, as he brought his hand out abruptly, startling her with his abrupt approach. "I don't believe I know you, if you'd pardon-" She shifted her eyes warily, taking a few cautious steps back.

"No of course you wouldn't, but Hannibal does ring a bell, yes?"

Her demeanor changed slightly, though Frederick couldn't say what it was. "Yes, he is a dear friend."

"Well not anymore, surely? After he ended things with you, I presume?"

Bedelia looked at him with vague amusement. "Oh dear, are you his partner?"

Frederick tried his best not to sneer, but judging by her increasingly amused smile, he failed. "I am, actually."

"You would be incorrect. Not that it's any of your concern, but I left him. He was a little too fond of getting fellatio from that desperate, pretty boy Roman." Frederick felt as if ice shards stabbed him from the inside out. The looks Roman had sent Hannibal that night, took on an entirely different meaning.

"Why would you stay friends with him?"

"He's rather fascinating, isn't he?"

Frederick didn't know how to respond to that. *This woman, is fucking nuts.*

"You don't seem to understand so I'll tell you: Hannibal is a patient, and wonderfully charismatic man. All the same I doubt he's ever known love. I couldn't really imagine what a Hannibal in love would look like. I will say he is unrepentantly hedonistic. If he wants something, or someone, he will take it. If he no longer wants something, he will drop it. If he loved something…. I imagine he would never, ever let that thing go. It'd consume him."

Without a word more, Bedelia walked away. He never saw her again. For some reason, that night, Frederick couldn't bring it within himself to ask about her. And when Hannibal took him to bed that night, Frederick smiled against his chest, warmth that had little to do with their previous activities blooming in his chest. *It's me. He'll never let me go. I'll never let him go.*

When the bathroom door opened once again, Frederick wasn't sure what he expected to find. He was pleasantly surprised when he saw that Hannibal was still dressed. Less pleased when he saw Will was decidedly less so. In fact, the only thing he had on were a pair of tight, white briefs. Hannibal offered to help him to the bed, but Will pushed him away. "I've got things here, doctor. I'm clean, and nicely sewn up" he gestured to his newly stitched up stab wound, as he slowly sat on the bed, pulling himself back to the center, resting his head against the headboard. Hannibal pulled a chair from the corner to the side of the bed. Before he sat, he paused briefly, looking from the bed to the front door in contemplation.

Frederick's heart pounded erratically. *Did I mess up the bed? Does he know I'm here?* He wouldn't have any idea how to explain himself. Fortunately, whatever it was that had his thoughts were effectively stolen by Will, when he slid down the sheets, arching his back deeply in an attempt to lessen the discomfort. Hannibal's eyes sharpened on his form.

The curtains were pulled back, but none of the lights in the room were turned on. The full moon shown through the window, cascading over the sheets and Will. Hannibal's eyes were shadowed, but his cheeks were thrown into sharp relief.

"That's a very lovely suit, Hannibal." Will said, quietly. While Frederick had been solely looking at Hannibal and watching his reaction to Will, he hadn't noticed that Will's were for once, just as equally fixated on Hannibal.

"Thank you, Sweet William."

Will laughed softly. Here, in this room alone with Hannibal, he was completely different. No longer was he intentionally behaving outlandishly seductive, or antagonizing. He was almost, vulnerable. Almost.

"You know that's what got my boyfriend pissed, right, why do you keep calling me that?"

Hannibal startlingly rose from his chair, placing both hands on the bed, leaning over Will. Will's face was beginning to flush, big blue eyes looking back and forth between Hannibal's eyes. "Because that is what you are, dear William. You are, the sweetest, and most beautiful

creature I had ever beheld." Hannibal replied, voice hoarse with emotion. "And as for that man," He began to lift himself onto the bed, toeing off his socks and dress shoes, "He is nothing. Less than nothing, and I'll no longer permit him to have you. No one else can, William. Except me."

Rather than looking disturbed, Will looked delighted. "How can you say that? Are you not married, Dr. Lecter?"

Frederick held his breath. He wanted to know what the hell Hannibal had to say for himself on this matter as well. His reply effectively brought his world tumbling down, his sanity quickly following.

"I am yours, to do with as you will. He and I were never meant for each other, I see that now. What I held for him is a fondness. Nothing, nothing compared to what I feel for you." Hannibal then placed one of his hands on Will's cheek, caressing it with a reverence Frederick had never seen. The composure he'd always seen in him was crashing down, the barest of restraints staying only for Will's seeming reluctance to have him. When Hannibal tried to kiss Will, he turned his face. Undeterred, Hannibal nudged Will's other cheek with his nose. Will laughed once again. Will then placed his own hand in Hannibal's hair, ruining all semblance of style. Hannibal groaned, utterly wrecked.

"The Gods sometimes change the bravest of intentions, Hannibal. How am I to know what you feel for me is more than a passing whimsy."

"I'll do anything for you."

"Anything?"

"Yes."

"Will you someday, marry me instead?"

Hannibal's breath hitched. "Yes Will. You will be my last and only true husband the second I am out of this farce of a marriage."

Will paused in thought. He smiled. When he spoke again, Frederick couldn't help but think Will's eyes suddenly appeared an electric blue, like that of perhaps a vampire or a soon to be fed incubus. "Would you kill for me, Hannibal? People like me… tend to end up in all kinds of trouble. Would you protect me from that?" Will purred. Hannibal didn't even hesitate. He lifted his head without dislodging Will's hand, staring Will directly into his eyes. "Yes, my darling boy, anything."

"Good. Because right now, there is one thing you could do for me." Will whispered.

"Name it Mano meilė."

Will finally released Hannibal's hair, and removed Hannibal's hand from his cheek. He stretched his body in feline grace, deeply arching his back. He never takes his eyes from Hannibal's.

“I need you to fuck me. Right now.”

Chapter End Notes

The "The Gods sometimes change the bravest of intentions" quote I got from the Troy movie. Pardon my probably shitty Lithuanian, I'm merely an imaginative Texan girl, lol. I usually update every Wednesday or Thursday, but I might update faster if it's well received. Eh? Eh?! Is that a hell no, sit the fuck down, Dreamlands? Yeah, okay, lol.

Departing

Chapter Notes

Things are getting a little crazy, here.

Chapter Seven:

Hannibal's warm, cognac eyes darken at the command. He steps off the bed and takes off every stitch of clothing in record time, then returns to the bed. He places himself between Will's legs, curling his large hands around Will's calves. Slowly caressing them, and moving upwards, placing his weight off his knees and into his forearms.

He gets impatient.

Will laughs merrily when Hannibal loses his finesse. Forgoing his usual calm, and collected ways of seduction, succumbing to his base desire to run his lips and tongue all over Will's body, making little frustrated whines at not being able to be everywhere at once. Will gasps, as Hannibal kisses his way down his lightly sculpted abs, tongue swirling around his belly button, and scrapping his teeth down his happy trail. He pulls the stretchy fabric of his briefs down with him on his journey.

Hannibal leans up and pauses for a moment, gazing at Will's erect cock as it springs forward, lightly slapping his stomach, enjoying the view. Will arches his back even deeper, spreading his legs for Hannibal's enjoyment a little bit more.

"You're so fucking beautiful, and terribly naughty, William." Hannibal pants as he says this, voice low, and accent thick, already completely hard and worked up. Will grins salaciously at his cursing. Back in the closet, Frederick was stunned. Hannibal never cursed. Ever.

Will's pleased grin becomes a choked cry, as Hannibal takes Will down to the hilt. All that Frederick could see was Hannibal's broad back, the back of his head bent feverishly between Will's thighs, firm ass in the air facing the closet. The wet sounds of Hannibal sucking and Will's gasping echo in the room for what feels like an agonizing hour to Frederick, having to remain quiet in the stifling closet, but is actually a few minutes.

Before Will can come, Hannibal stops and flips him over easily, minding his injury, and exerting his devastating power and control. Judging by the way Will moans wantonly at the display, it's safe to assume he likes being manhandled. A lot.

Feeling horrified, Frederick realizes he's become hard as well, pulsing maddeningly in his sleep pants. He uses a sleeve from one of the clean guest robes to mop up his face and hands.

He wipes his hands up and down his thighs, willing himself not to touch himself. He snaps out of his reverie, when he sees movement coming from the bed.

Hannibal switches their positions, placing his back at the headboard, and Will on all fours facing the foot of the bed, and the closet. Will keeps his head down between his shoulders, curls falling away from his face, trying to get his breath and composure back, while Hannibal maneuvers Will to his liking, pressing his hand lightly on Will's lower back to remind him to keep arching his back, then sits down completely, with his sprawled legs falling between Will's. He moves his hands in between Will's inner thighs, wrapping them around his forearms, and pulling him forward as he speaks.

"There's no point in trying to catch your breath now, dear, I'm afraid. On a count that I intend to eat you out so thoroughly, that you come from this alone." Before Will can respond, Hannibal uses his hands and forearms to pull Will to him completely, effectively burying his face in Will's plush ass. Will gasps wantonly, face flushed crimson as he snaps his face up. He opens his eyes suddenly, as Hannibal continues to obscenely feast on his hole. Will smiles slowly, and silently mouths the words:

"*Hey Chilton."*

It goes on like that for hours, Will taunting Frederick when he's able to focus, Frederick losing his mind, and composure, and Hannibal ferociously fucking Will, seemingly oblivious to life outside of Will's tight body. When they finally finish, Hannibal spends his time cuddling next to Will murmuring sweet nothings, and kissing him softly, before he goes to the bathroom for a towel to get them cleaned up.

"You can come out now, Chilton, don't be shy." Will whispered. His hair was all over the place, he was beginning to bruise in the places Hannibal left love bites, and his lips were swollen. All in all, he looked and sounded well fucked. Frederick came out quickly, fuming. He paused for a moment, eyeing Will wildly. Will seemed to sense the precarious state of Frederick's mind, judging by how his post-coital face changed to look deeply unsettled. "Frederick?" Will whispered softly. Without a word, Frederick stalked out silently, closing the door behind him.

"Was that Frederick?" Hannibal asks as he comes to kneel on the bed next to Will with a warm towel, softly wiping the sweat and semen from his body.

"Yes. There might be a problem," Will replied while curling up next to Hannibal.

"Don't worry about it, darling. That's a problem for tomorrow. Go to sleep." Hannibal proceeds to lay down next to Will, nuzzling his face into the side of his neck, spooning him. Will shrugs, leaving it to Hannibal's discretion.

The peaceful night for the couple comes to a sudden halt, when they hear music playing in the house. Hannibal sighs, while he gets up quickly, snatching up his dress pants and putting them on, face like stone. Will rolls over to look up at him, one eye peeking out of his curls. "What's going on?" he asks softly. Hannibal spares one look at Will, briefly. "It looks like

things will have to be taken care of tonight, my love. I fear Frederick will not let things be so easily. Just stay here," Hannibal leans over the bed to press a quick kiss to Will's forehead "I'll take care of everything." Hannibal silently prowls out of the room, looking for his wayward husband. Will can hear him silently call out, "Frederick dear? Where are you?" After a few moments, it's completely silent, unnerving Will. Against his orders, Will decides to get dressed, grimacing in renewed pain from his stab wound, making sure to take it slow as to not reopen it. He pads his way out of the guest room, unsure of where Hannibal could've gone. The music, a recording of a song played by a harpsicord, echoes from seemingly everywhere in the house.

Will somehow makes his way into what appears to be a den. The lights are all off, but the light from a television set is glowing in the center, playing a video. Will looks around for a moment, and behind him, to see if Frederick is in here. When it seems as if he's alone, Will creeps around to the television, to see what's on. He groans silently. *Of fucking course.* It's a video of Hannibal and Frederick together, dressed to the nines, inside a recognizable ballroom in Baltimore.

"That was our wedding day. Happiest damned day of my life." Frederick whispers. Will whips around quickly, but not fast enough. Frederick has a syringe and forcefully grabs Will by the arm, and injects him, Will back hands him, making him knock his head into the wall. It's too late. Will wobbles on his feet, and collapses. *On the television, Frederick laughs boisterously, as he's handed a bouquet to throw out to his tipsy friends*. "What the hell did you give me?" Will hisses, consciousness already fading. "Just a little sedative, Graham," Frederick mocks as he kneels by Will's face, looking him in the eyes intently. "Now if you don't mind, I'll be taking my husband back." *Clapping and cheers are heard as Frederick throws the bouquet into the crowd.*

Frederick quickly grabs Will's ankles, emotionlessly strapping ankle weights to them. After he's done, he drags Will by the hair, uncaring of the way his body scrapes against the floor. He pushes the glass doors to the den out, heading towards their pool. Will fades in and out, trying to kick out, or release Frederick's hold on his hair. Frederick drops Will's head for a moment, picking him up by his armpits, dragging his body across the rough cement surrounding their pool. When he's close enough, Frederick rolls Will into the pool, watching him sink immediately. He feels his shadow monster crow in triumph.

Will's eyes stay closed. Like this, under water, slowly drowning, he still looks like an angel. He somehow looks innocent, even after having just fucked his husband, he looks like a vulnerable little boy. Frederick wonders if that's how he looked when his father fished him out of the water. Probably not. Frederick smiles to himself, feeling triumphant for the first time in weeks, since Will walked into his life, almost ruining it. Almost. Frederick won't let Hannibal go. Ever.

He hears feet walk behind him slowly. He turns around, and looks at Hannibal. His stomach immediately feels like it's been dipped in shards of glass at the look on his face. He's never seen this expression. His eyes appear black in the darkness, his face like marble. He looks to the pool and back to Frederick. He tilts his head. "What have you done, Frederick?" Frederick's breath shudders. "You're mine, damn it! He doesn't deserve you, he doesn't even know you!!" Before he can continue, Hannibal pushes him out of the way, diving into the

pool to get Will out. He slowly pulls Will up and out, then gets out himself, water dripping from his hair into his eyes, and plastering his pants to his skin. He hurriedly checks on Will, making sure he is still breathing. Will splutters water out seemingly in reply, gasping raggedly, but staying unconscious. Hannibal allows himself one small smile, before he shifts his eyes to Frederick. Without pause, he veers his way to Frederick, frozen in his spot where he was left. Frederick frowns as he just now notices a scar running across Hannibal's chest, slowly oozing blood. "In about six minutes, the police will be surrounding this place, Frederick." Hannibal says softly, panting heavily. "They will be responding to a distressed call that I and my friend have been attacked," Hannibal gestures to his chest, and to Will, "And you have been terribly rude, Frederick." Hannibal continues to make his way to Frederick until they are nearly chest to chest. Water drips down from Hannibal's hair to Frederick's upturned face. He sees nothing. No semblance of emotion, or love coming back from those dark eyes. Then Frederick finally understands… he's lost.

Hannibal places his hands on either side of Frederick's face, brushing his thumbs against his cheeks. "Why? Why did you go after me at all? What made you say yes, and stay with me?" Frederick finally asks. Hannibal smiles. Countless ideas floated through Frederick's mind, one theory crueler than the next. The answer was much worse. "I didn't really know, at the time. It just seemed like the thing people did." Totally flippant, as if every moment, all of these years was just a practice in normality. Sirens could be heard faintly down the street.

"I would, out of respect like to keep you alive and just allow you to go to prison, so you'd be out of the way," Hannibal whispers.

Frederick relaxes minutely, although his face grows hot with indignant anger. Hannibal looks over at Will fondly for a moment, before he comes back to Frederick.

"But I'm afraid I can't. Will tonight has told me that he desires to be married to me, someday. Goodbye, Frederick." Without further delay, Hannibal twists his hands, snapping Frederick's neck.

Faintly from inside the den, being drowned out more and more by the sounds of sirens, is the sound of an original, lilting song composed and played by Hannibal for his and Frederick's wedding.

Helen's Gift

Chapter Notes

> Well this is the end! I can't even begin to thank all of you enough for the support and love this story has gotten. I'm a little sad, but FUCK IT. Because I already have the outline for the next hannigram story, and it's longer, and structured, and will be wonderful... I hope. Special thanks to the ones that have left kudos and reviews, and left comments every chapter. Ya special and ya beautiful. Fannibals are fucking amazing!!!
>
> Without further ado, enjoy the last chapter of Oenone.

Chapter 8:

The Argentinian sun found its home on a luxurious villa reflecting cream walls, and provocative, nude artwork. One subject being a devastatingly gorgeous, dark, curly haired man with eyes bluer than the ocean that the villa resided by, and a newly tanned body more sculpted than those carved out by the masters. The subject in question was in said villa's master bedroom, lounging in silk sheets after a passionate romp with his lover. The beaming south American sun made the jewelry snug on his finger gleam. He smiled softly in reflection. Today, is his and his lover's one-year anniversary, and he has something very special planned for his doctor.

Hannibal reluctantly peeled himself from Will's warm, grasping, body this morning to get started on his anniversary plans. He's making it a weekend affair. After the decadent dinner he has planned, he is going to gift Will the Blancpain Villeret Shakudo̍ watch and Monte Carlo yacht he saw Will's eyes light up at in Hannibal's copy of The Robb Report on the coffee table. He would sail out with him that night, feeding him fresh grapes out on the deck, while eating him out just the way he likes, ocean breeze cooling their heated skin. Hannibal nearly shuddered then and there at the open market, while comparing tomatoes, but he refrained. When the pure gold knife edge wedding band, etched with sphalerite gleamed, he smiled fondly, remembering his and Will's wedding night in Florence.

They'd just come from the Palermo cathedral, and exchanged rings privately. Will told him that he chose the ring because of how the gemstones reminded him of his eyes. "Especially when you're fucking me by the fireplace," he'd whispered, while sliding to his knees between Hannibal's legs.

The time he had spent with Will over the past two years had been nothing short of the best of his life. Every day, the love he had for the profiler both unnerved and overwhelmed him.

When they first started looking at homes together, Hannibal was pleasantly surprised by how docile and agreeable Will could be. Will explained why to him, while catching his breath on the kitchen floor after a round of impromptu, filthy, kitchen sex. “It’s your domain, it should reflect you. With the way I’m wired, I can dig anything. If you want fucking exotic flowers and animal skulls as a centerpiece, then let’s get some damned skulls.” Hannibal’s eyes started to mist, and he tucked his head under Will’s chin almost bashfully. Neither said much after that, when Hannibal climbed on top of Will again, revving for round two.

The catch came later, when they finally found the perfect home in Baltimore, on Chandler Square. The home was spacious, and regal, and everything Hannibal wanted. Will took one look at Hannibal’s face after the tour with the real estate agent, and smiled softly to himself before wrapping his arms around Hannibal’s waist, and kissing him softly. Hannibal’s eyes crinkled. As Will pulled away, he looked up to Hannibal’s eyes with a knowing smirk.

“You’re turning 50 soon, you shouldn’t still be this adorable.” Hannibal arched a brow at that, turning his body away from the front of the house and to his fiancé. “Whatever do you mean, William?” Will’s smile grew as he drawled softly, “You’re still on your damned tip toes, Hannibal. Your eyes have crinkled with delight since we walked in, you gestured constantly and emphatically to the realtor about shit like Tiffany fixtures, and multiple ovens, AND you consistently stayed on the balls of your feet like a sugar high five-year-old. You like the house? I love the house, okay?”

If Hannibal happened to get pollen in his eyes at that moment, Will was polite enough not to bring attention to it.

However, once they were finally settled in, and married, Will struck. The attack had the newly acquired name of Winston. Hannibal came home after work one evening, and froze immediately on the threshold. The smell of both his lovely Will, and canine was undeniable. He grimaced slightly.

“William?”

“Out here, Hannibal.”

He obediently followed the voice of his paramour to their backyard. And proceeded to grimace once again. There, on the other side of his garden, was a newly erected kennel, with a clearly rambunctious dog inside. Will was kneeling in front of it, covered in grass stains and dirt, smiling wildly. Hannibal’s heart thudded. By the time, Will got up from his position on the ground and in front of Hannibal, he’d schooled his face. Will peered up at his face, squinting slightly. He frowned.

Hannibal’s stomach twisted uncomfortably at the look of sadness in Will’s big blue eyes. He sighed. “You play me like a violin, dear boy.” The heartbreaking look of sadness vanished immediately, followed by an impish smirk. Uncaring of his state, Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s neck, and buried his face in it. “Thank you kindly, mon cher.”

Hannibal snapped himself out of his reverie, and made his way out of the market, and back home.

Evening drew near, and Hannibal had everything complete, when Will finally made his presence known from upstairs. Hannibal's breath wavered when he saw him. Will was wearing the blood red silk button down he had bought him. It was the first thing he gifted to him after that fateful night. It was tight, and he left the first several buttons opened, showing off his warm, inviting, tan skin. His face was flush from his shower, and his curls brushed, though slightly damp. He looked delicious.

"Smells delicious, anything I can help with?"

"Absolutely not. Make your way to the dinner table, please."

"Alright, damn." Will bit his lip after he said this, eyes taking on a lustful gleam. If it's one thing Hannibal learned about his enigmatic husband fairly quickly, it was that he had an extremely high libido. And loved when Hannibal got a little dominating. He decided to steer clear of that to avoid letting dinner go cold, and reluctantly let Will walk away, watching his round ass as he went.

Dinner and desert went perfectly. Will behaved for the most part, (his socked feet went exploring a few times), and complimented the food liberally. Will cleared his throat after his last sip of wine, getting up, and making his way around the table to Hannibal's side. He picked up his hand, gesturing for him to get up, and come with him. His eyes twinkled mischievously. "I've got a surprise for you, my love." Hannibal stood up and followed Will, hands entwined softly. "As do I." Will continued his way through the vacation home, and to the cellar where he stores the wine. He speaks again when he makes it to the stairs.

"There's a reason I was so adamant about Argentina, and at this time…"

"Oh?" Hannibal's nose twitched. Something smelled familiar.

"Something's been missing. I know there's something you've wished for since we first got together. As…unfortunate as the events leading to it were. I decided to give it to you." They made it inside the cellar by this point, Will releasing his hand and going to the corner to flip on the lights. Hannibal's eyes widened.

There, bound to a chair, was none other than Nick Waldo, Will's ex.

"Lucky I was able to find out he would be here."

Will walked around the chair slowly, ignoring Nick's muffled curses and screams. Hannibal's eyes followed him like a hawk. His eyes narrowed when Will placed both elbows on Nick's shoulders, leaning his head near his. His eyes sparkled with delight.

"After poor Frederick died, you weren't content with me simply ceasing to stop seeing Nick. Knowing he hurt me…fucked me." Hannibal lip rose into a slight snarl. Will smiled. He stood up again slowly, and made his way to a chair a little way off. It already had a bottle of wine, and two glasses next to it on a stand. Will clearly prepared thoroughly for this. He

settled comfortably, poured himself a glass, and raised a brow. “So, take him out, darling. I’d love the show.”

Hannibal smiled.

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